DC

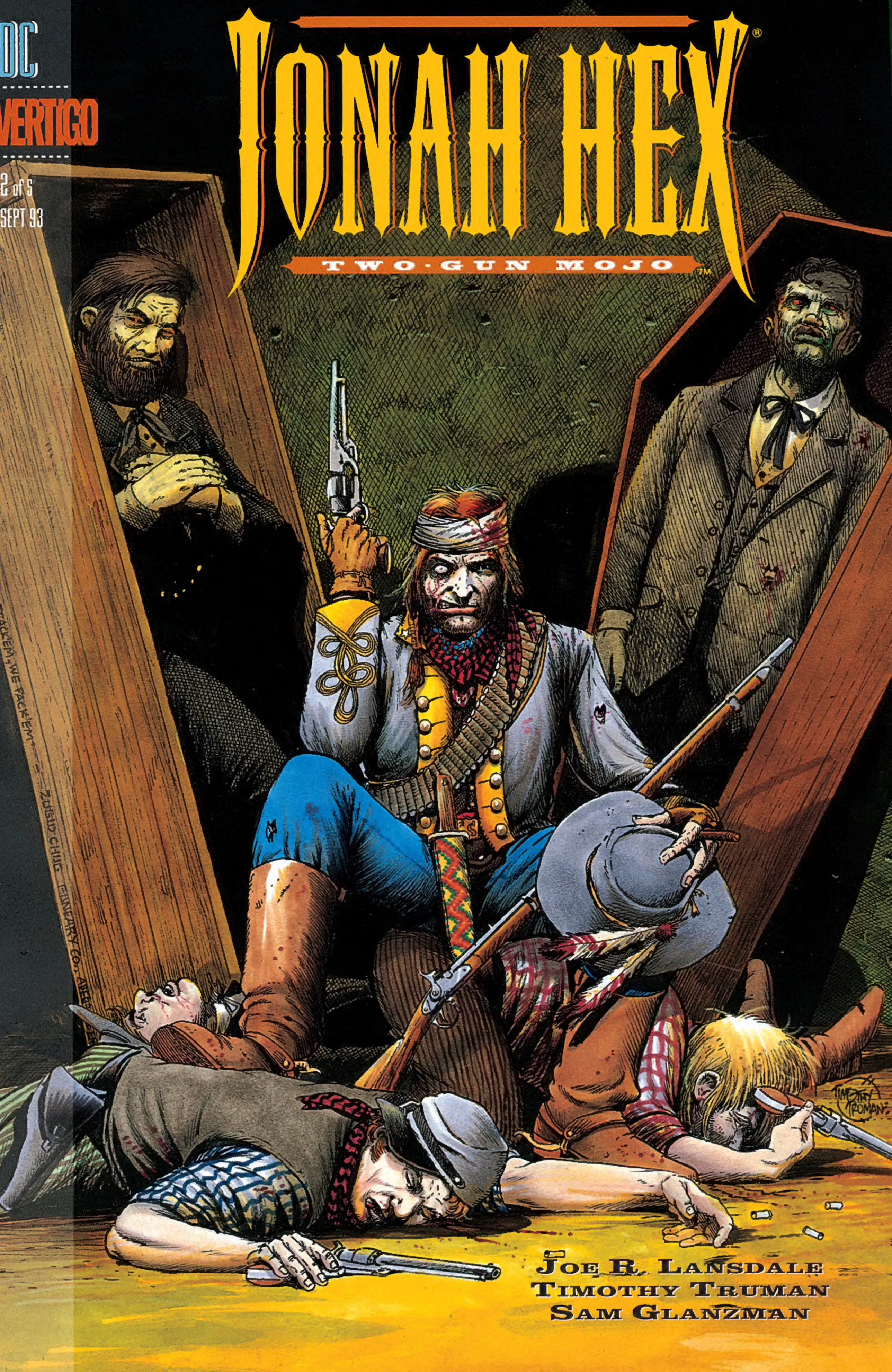
VERTIGO

2 of 5

SEPT 93

# JONAH HEX®

## TWO-GUN MOJO™




JOE R. LANSDALE
TIMOTHY TRUMAN
SAM GLANZMAN

VIVA
TEJANO
'92
TIMOTHY TRUMAN
'N
S.J.G

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

BONK!
TAKE HIM, BILL!
5¢

CLANK!
OH, HELL.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
YA DONE KILLED ME... YOU CORPSE-STEALIN'... SONOFA...
TRUMAN S 'N' J G

KAWAAM!

CHOOM CHOOM CHOOM

CHOOM

WHAT THE HELL?

5¢

BLAM

HALF PINT! STRETCH! ALL OF YOU! LOAD UP THEM STUFFED BOYS, PRONTO!

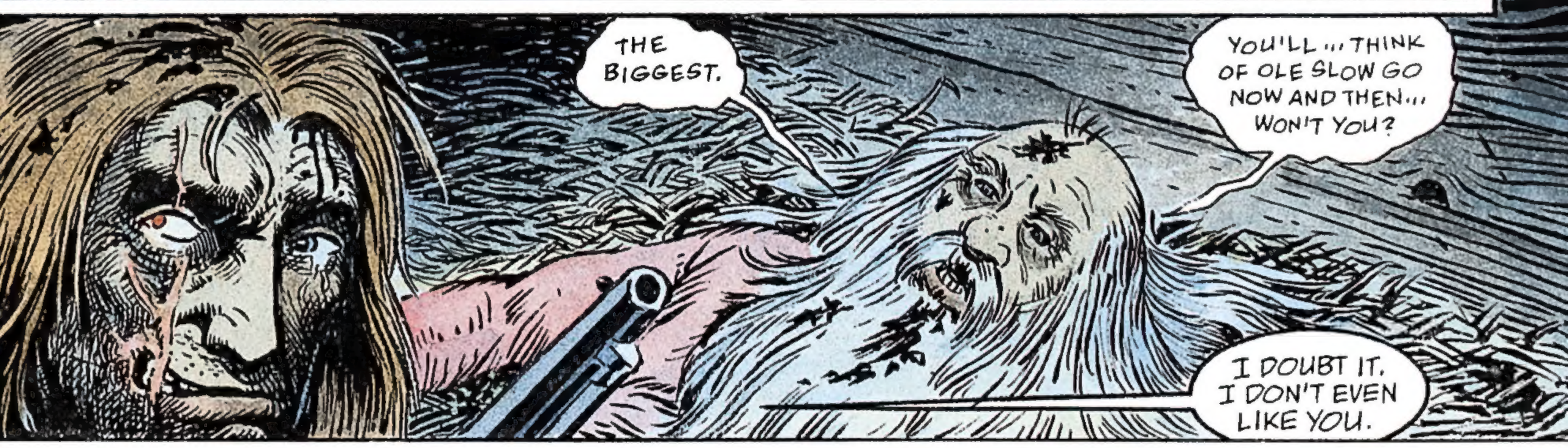
LEAVE THESE TWO. THEY'RE TOO FRESH.

SHOTS'LL HAVE THE WHOLE TOWN ON US!

THEY DONE KILLED YOU, SLOW GO.
HELL, I KNOW THAT. TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW.
HOLY HANNAH... I HURT LIKE A SONOFABITCH.
IT'LL PASS.
YEAH... GUESS IT WILL. WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT SNORING WOULD GET ME SHOT?
NOT BEIN' ABLE TO HIT AN ELEPHANT IN THE ASS AT FIVE PACES IS WHAT GOT YOU SHOT.
WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?
STUPIDITY.
PROMISE ME SOMETHIN'.
AIN'T NOTHING UNNATURAL, IS IT?
FIND WHO DID THIS...
...AND SHOOT THEIR GODDAMN EYES OUT FOR ME.

GONNA DO THAT ANYWAY, ON ACCOUNT OF THEY EMBARRASSED ME.
I SHOT HELL OUT OF A CORPSE.

'FORE I GO, YOU OWE THE LIVERY A NICKEL FOR ME LOOKIN' AT THEM STUFFED PRICE BOYS.
I CHARGED IT TO YOU.
YOU SONOFABITCH.


THE BIGGEST.
YOU'LL ... THINK OF OLE SLOW GO NOW AND THEN... WON'T YOU?
I DOUBT IT. I DON'T EVEN LIKE YOU.

HOW ABOUT JUST WHEN YOU BREAK WIND?

THAT'S POSSIBLE.

I HATE A FELLA TAKES HIS TIME DYING.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.

QUIT POINTIN' THEM PIECES, 'FORE ONE GOES OFF.

TOSS YOURN IN THE DIRT, FORE ALL OF 'EM GO OFF! MAYBE THREE OR FOUR TIMES...

FELLA THAT SHOT ME AND SLOW GO IS GETTIN' AWAY, CAN'T BE MOVING TOO FAST.

HAD A WHOLE KIT AND KABOODLE OF FOLKS WITH HIM. A DWARF, A FAT LADY, A SKINNY FELLA 'BOUT EIGHT, NINE FEET TALL...

ANY PIGS IN HOOPSKIRTS?
JUST DROP IT, HEX. WE'LL TALK ABOUT THEM DWARFS LATER.
YOU CAN'T OUTGUN US ALL.
LET'S HANG HIM NOW.
NAH. GOT TO HAVE A JUDGE TALK AT HIM FIRST. THEN WE'LL HANG HIM. THAT'S THE LAW.

I GOTTA TELL YOU, HEX. YOU PLAYED THIS DUMB AS A STONE.

LET ME SEE NOW... I SHOT MY BUDDY SLOW GO. THEN, I STOLE ALL THEM STUFFED FELLAS, HID 'EM, COME BACK AND STOOD AROUND TILL Y'ALL SHOWED UP.

CSA

YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT WAS DUMB. OR WOULD HAVE BEEN, HAD I DONE IT.

YOU AND SLOW GO STOLE THEM BODIES ***FIRST***, HID 'EM TO TAKE OUT OF TOWN ***LATER***, THEN COME BACK TO GET YOUR HORSES AND GOODS.

***YOU*** DECIDED YOU WANTED THEM PRICE BOYS ALL TO YOURSELF, SO YOU KILLED SLOW GO.

NO. I GOT IT. I WAS GONNA PACK THEM FELLAS ON BACK OF MY HOSS AND MAKE CROSS COUNTRY, CHARGING FOLKS A NICKEL A LOOK. ***BIG*** MONEY.

WHERE THE HELL WE HIDE THEM STUFFED PRICE BOYS, SHERIFF?

RECKON THEY'LL SHOW UP AFTER THE HANGIN'...MAYBE.

AND WHY'D I SHOOT MY PARTNER?

THIEVES IS THIEVES. HOTEL MAN SAID YOU KICKED SLOWGO OUT OF Y'ALL'S ROOM. HAD AN ARGUMENT OF SOME KIND.

SONOFABITCH SNORED. BUT I DIDN'T *SHOOT* HIM FOR IT.

HIS WOUNDS WAS FROM AN OLD CAVALRY HORSE-PISTOL LIKE *YOURS*. AND YOURS HAD BEEN *FIRED*, HEX.

RECKON *YOU'LL* COLLECT THAT *REWARD MONEY* SLOWGO WAS WAITIN' FOR, WON'T YOU, SHERIFF?

THAT'S RIGHT. I GOT THEM *HEADS* HE BROUGHT IN, IN A BUCKET DOWN THE WELL. RECKON THEY'LL KEEP TILL AFTER YOUR NECK GETS PULLED.

SHERIFF, JUDGE CAN'T MAKE IT TOMORROW. HE'S GOT THAT LAW AND ORDER PICNIC IN NACOGDOCHES.

HE SENT BACK THIS HERE *NOTE*, THOUGH.

GO ON AND HANG HIM.
Sanctioned by decree of Judge Sam Griffith, Great State of Texas, now under temporary Damn Yankee rule.
P.S. Check and see he's got any money on him, and be fair. That there money goes to the State of Texas. Throughout me.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

HIRE SOME CARPENTERS AND TIE A ROPE.

BANG BANG KNOCK BANG BANG KNOCK KNOCK BANG

BANG BANG

I HADN'T SEEN THAT MUCH INDUSTRY SINCE MY HOME TOWN BUILT ITS FIRST WHOREHOUSE.

BUT I WASN'T AS CHERRED BY IT.
UNDERTAKER, HEX. HE WANTS TO MAKE SOME MEASUREMENTS.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE QUITE A DO.
HORSE THIEVES, DRUNK INJUNS AND BAD DENTISTS GET THE EXACT SAME SEND-OFF, HEX.
AND HERE I WAS THINKING HIGH ON MYSELF.

SEE THE HANGING!! TODAY AT NOON OR THERE BOUTS

POPCORN, PEANUTS, CHAWIN' TOBACCER, FANS, SMELLIN' SALTS FOR THE LADIES, WHISTLES AND YO-YOS FOR THE KIDS...!

DRY GOODS

LEMONADE 1¢
PRAIRIE OYSTERS 2¢
SMELLING SALTS 1¢

BE SURE TO GIT A GOOD ONE OF HIS *NECK* ALL *STRETCHED OUT*. THEM SELL BETTER'N *NAKED WOMEN!*

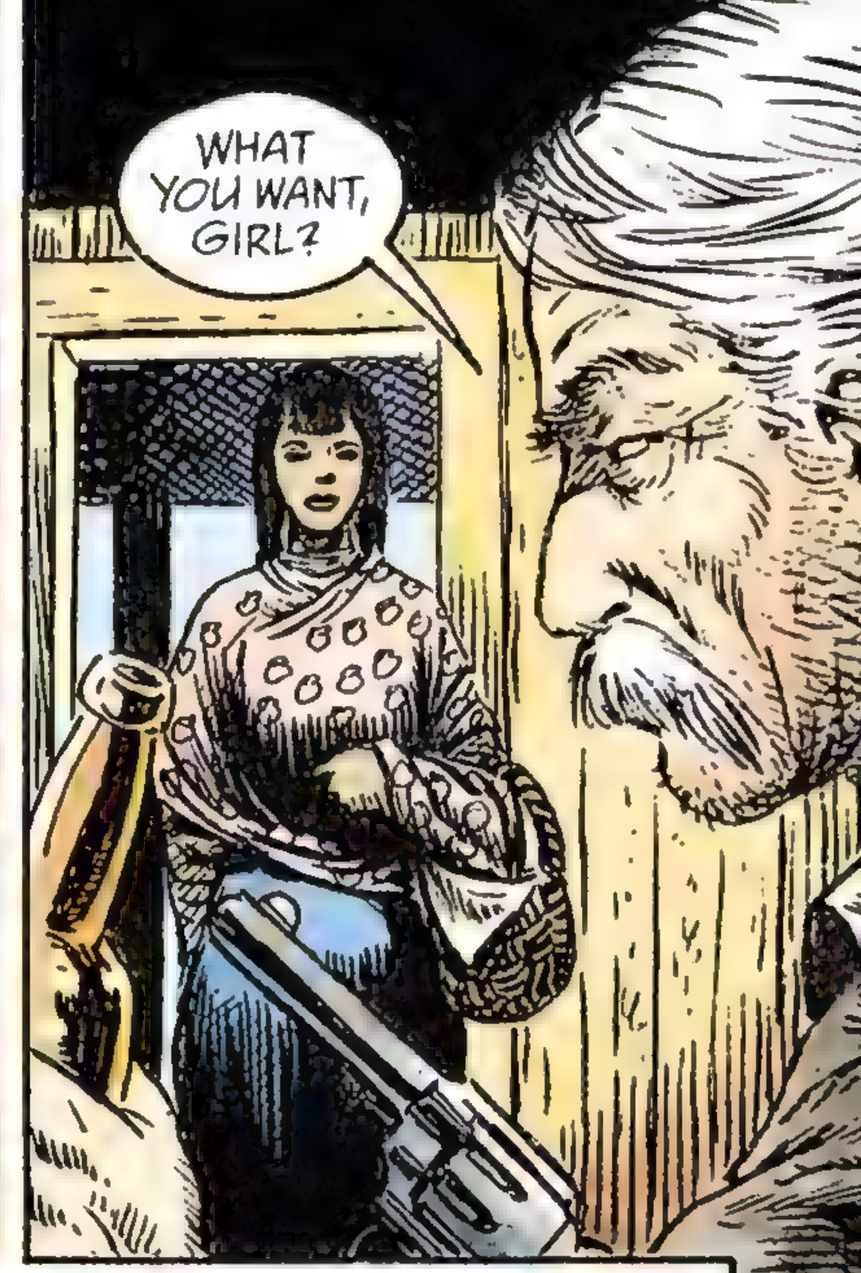
THESE SWEET YOUNG ORPHANS ARE GONNA SING A LITTLE HYMN. I'LL BE PASSIN' BY WITH THE OFFERIN' PLATE WHEN THEY FINISH.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER, THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL RIVER...

BAPTIST HYMNAL

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
POP
POP
KERBLAM
POP

JAIL


WHAT YOU WANT, GIRL?

AIN'T SURE I KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT...
...BUT IT DON'T COST MONEY, I DON'T DISLIKE IT NONE.

MY DEPUTY PAYIN' FOR THIS 'CAUSE OF MY BIRTHDAY?

LOCK THE DOOR AND...

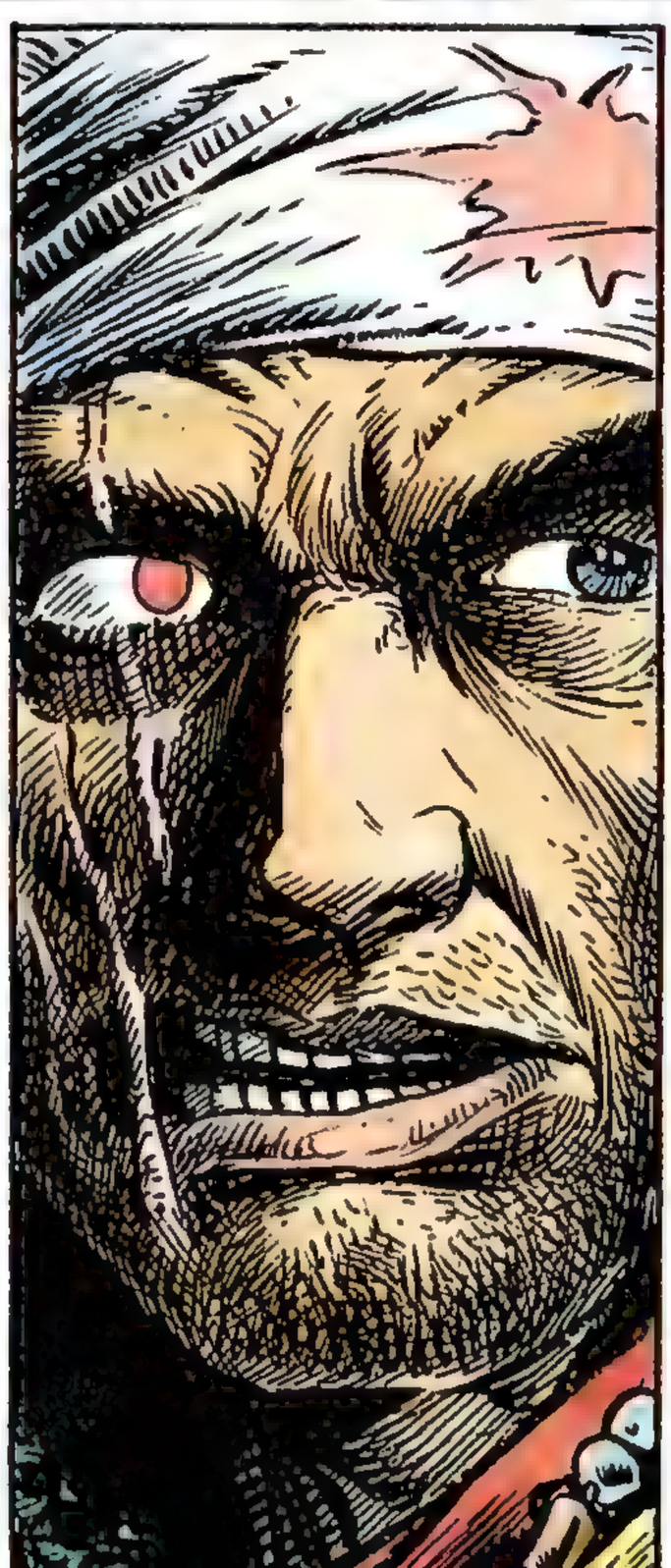
HELL, NOW, GIRLY...

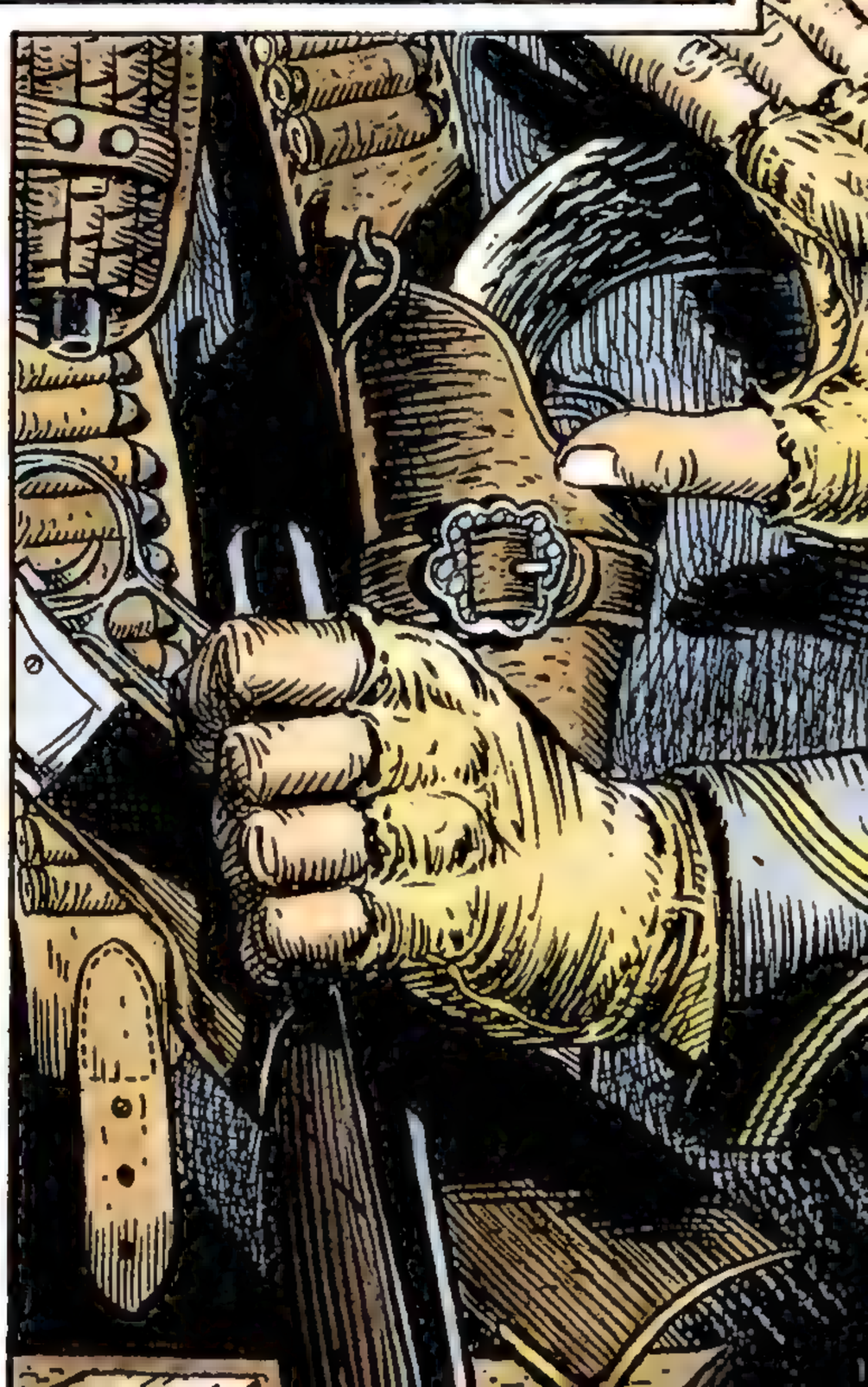
HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

JAIL

KERBLAM

POW





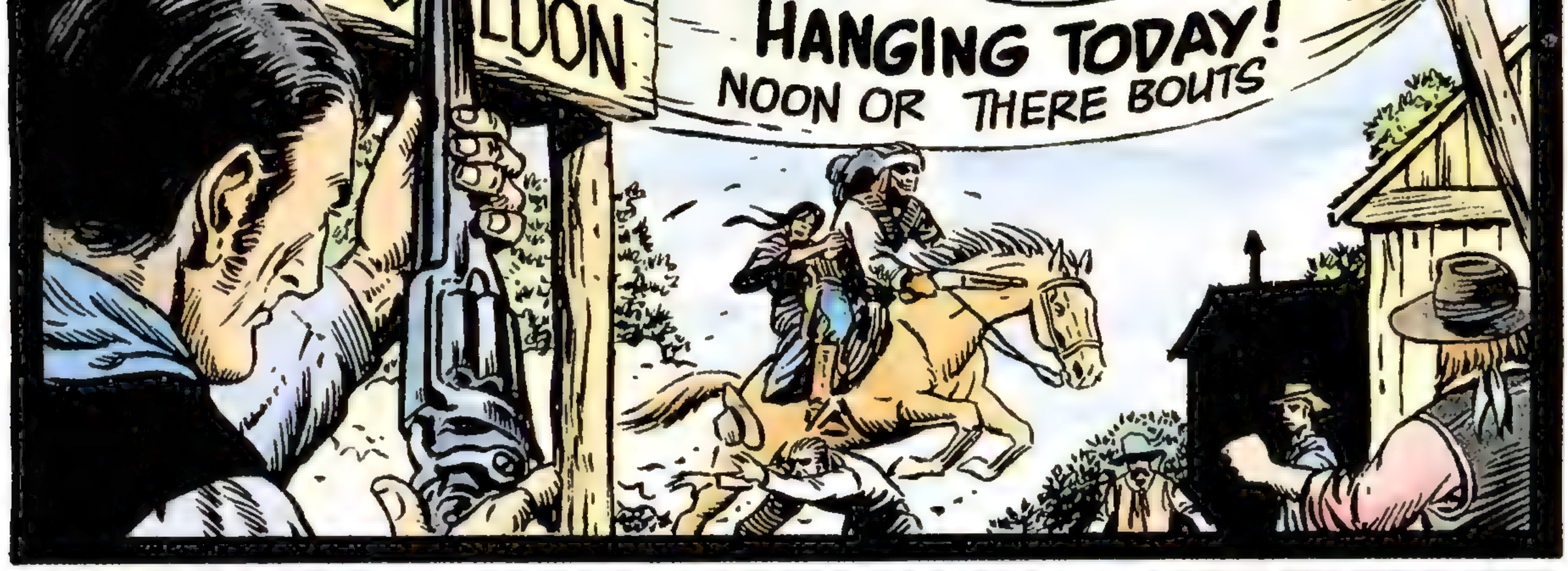
RECKON YOU BETTER COME WITH ME, MISSY.
TIMOTHY TRUMAN 'N SJG

HEY! AIN'T THAT OUR ENTERTAINMENT?
JAIL
FRANK THORNE FINEST
SHOOT HIM! THAT'S HEX!

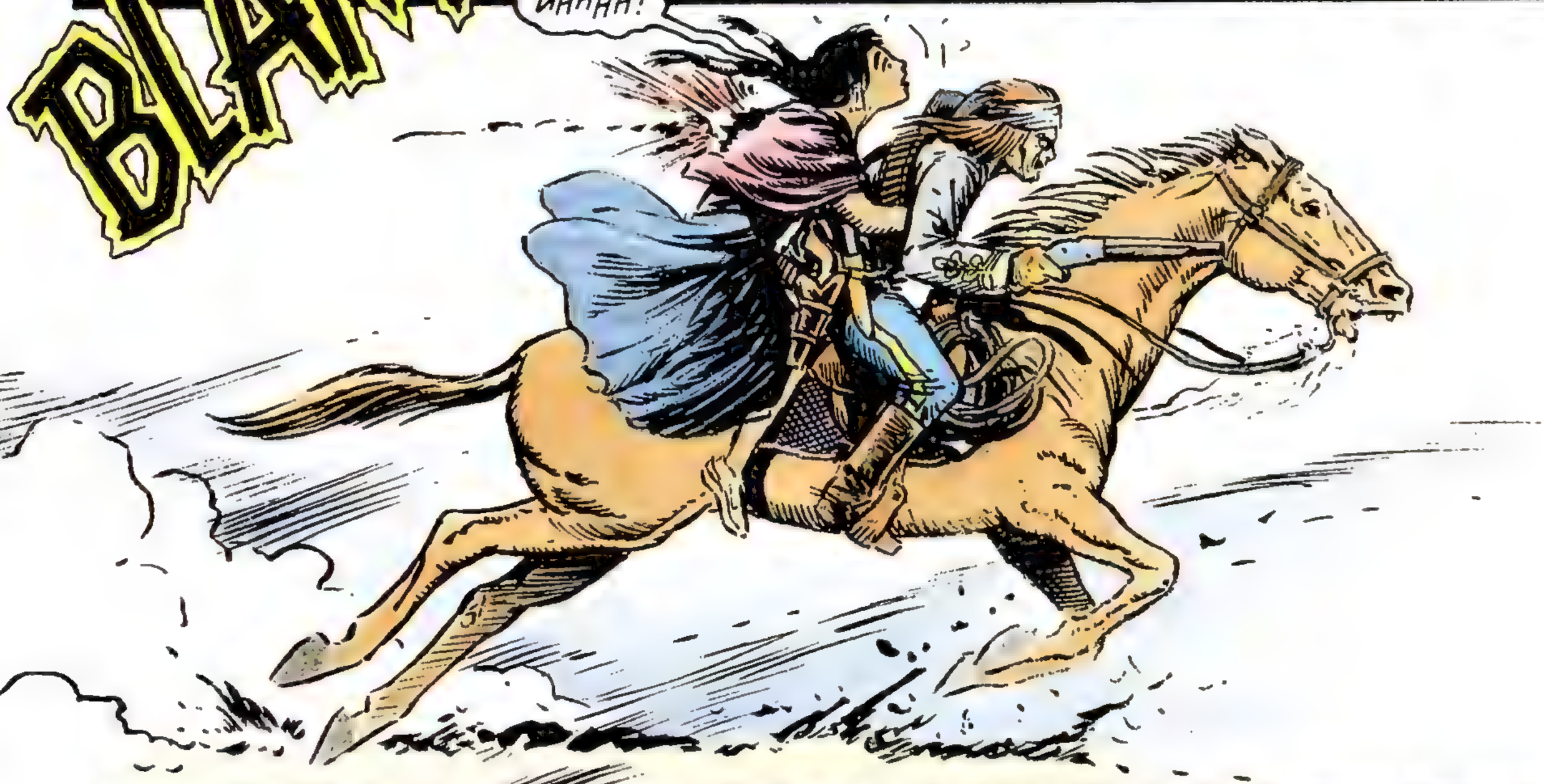
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM
KA-BOOM
SET UP THAT CAMERA QUICK! I'M GONNA SHOOT ME A JONAH HEX!
MAKE A POSTCARD OF THIS, YOU SONOFA-BITCH!
BLAM!

WH...WHY...?
JEST 'CAUSE I DON'T LIKE YA, YOU PICTURE-PEDDLIN' VULTURE--
BLAM!

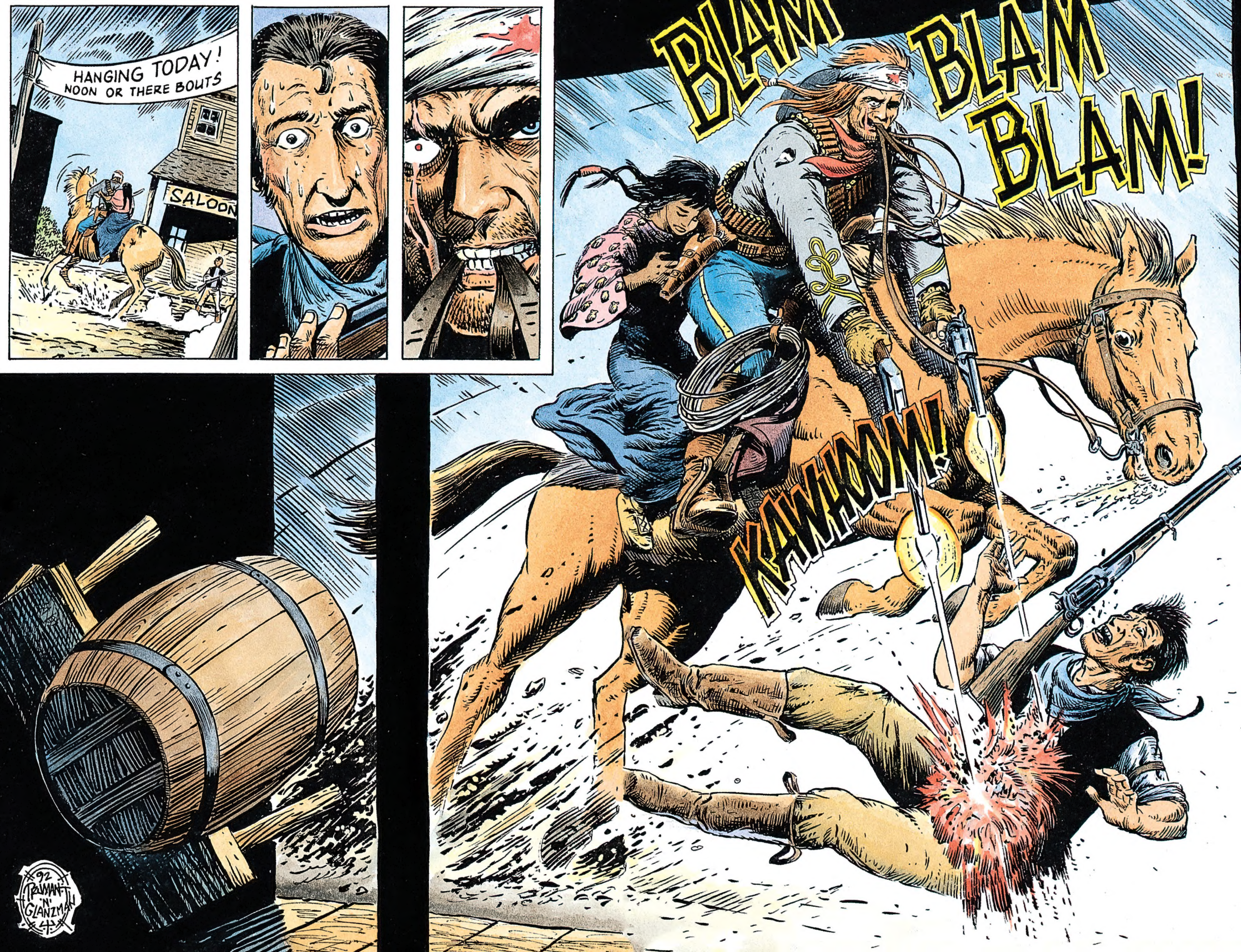
EEEEEEEEEIIII!
I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM!
BLAM!
!
HE SHOT GRANDMA!
STORE
STORE
BEAU SMITH
ORE


LOON
HANGING TODAY!
NOON OR THERE BOUTS

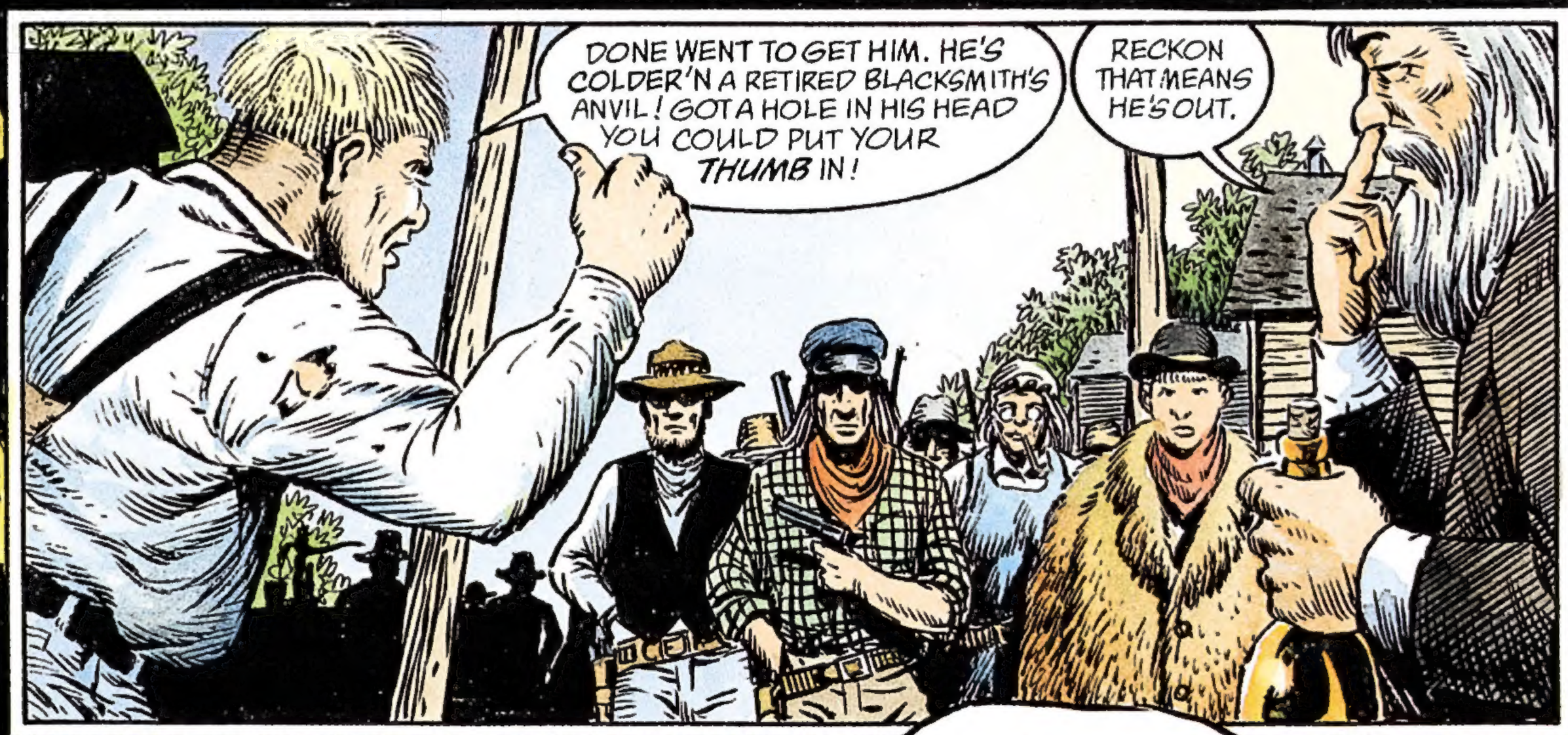
BLAM!


UHHHH!

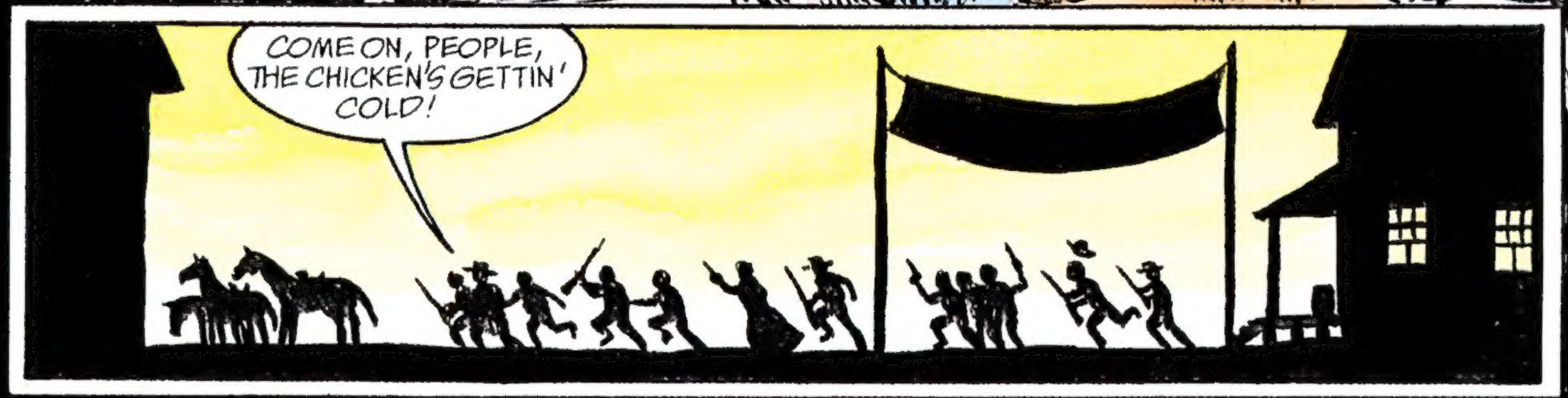
HANG ON, MISSY.


HANGING TODAY!
NOON OR THERE BOUTS
SALOON
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM!
KAWHOOM!
92
PRUSMAN 'N GLANZMAN

FIVE DOLLARS SHOT TO HELL!
DON'T FRET, UNDERTAKER. HEX DONE LEFT YOU PLENTY OF BODIES TO FILL THAT BOX.
WAY I SEE IT, THAT MAN BEEN GOOD FOR YER BIZNUS!
RESERVED FOR JOHN HEX
LET'S GO GET 'EM.
WE'LL HANG'M BOTH!
HANGING TODAY!
SOON OK THERE FITS
'AT'S THE SHERIFF'S JOB!


DONE WENT TO GET HIM. HE'S COLDER'N A RETIRED BLACKSMITH'S ANVIL! GOT A HOLE IN HIS HEAD YOU COULD PUT YOUR THUMB IN!
RECKON THAT MEANS HE'S OUT.

I FOR ONE COME HERE FOR A HANGIN' AND A PICNIC, AND I SAY WE DO 'EM BOTH!


COME ON, PEOPLE, THE CHICKEN'S GETTIN' COLD!

LET'S HAVE US A HANGIN'!!

NEXT...

...THE RESURRECTIONIST